

Perchance to Dream by Luddleston

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Summary:

Zagreus has been sleeping with Thanatos for a while, but he's never actually *slept* with him. In the same bed. In fact, Zagreus doesn't think either of them have slept in the past few centuries.

Turns out, sharing a bed is a little more difficult than either of them thought it would be.

Perchance to Dream

Author's Note:

Cuddling SHENANIGANS!

"You're certain Achilles said this was a good idea?"

"Yes. I don't—maybe we're not doing it right?"

"How could we be *not doing it right*?"

"I dunno. Maybe we should be in a different position? C'mere."

"No, cut that out, I can't do this with you touching me all the time."

Zagreus put an arm across Than's chest anyhow, cuddling up to his side as Thanatos continued to lie stiff as a board, staring up at the ceiling of Zagreus' bedroom. He felt Thanatos' chest rise and fall as he sighed out his irritation.

"Just relax a little," Zagreus urged him, rubbing at Than's shoulder, over his chest, tracing the sharp swoop of his collarbone and the line of his pectorals.

"That's not relaxing." Thanatos snatched up Zag's hand and kissed down the inside of his wrist. "Very likely to start something that will not allow either of us to sleep at all." Zagreus could feel each of the words breathed against his skin, just over the veins below, his pulse thrumming against Thanatos' lips.

"Hmm. Not my fault I'm so irresistible," Zagreus said.

Thanatos rolled his eyes but didn't let go, gathering Zag's hand close to his chest, his fingers fitting against Zag's knuckles.

They'd only been trying to sleep together—actually *sleep*, no innuendo included. Achilles had mentioned that he'd enjoyed sharing a bed with his

lover, how it was a welcome part of their daily ritual, even during wartime, to hold each other through the night. Zagreus had been charmed by the romance in it, but the reality was a bit more... complicated.

Particularly when both parties involved were gods who rarely, if ever, slept. Zagreus was unused to his bed functioning as a place to spend the night, and his characteristic restlessness had him tossing and turning, twisting up the sheets around them.

Thanatos closed his eyes, making another attempt at slumber, and Zagreus thought perhaps this would be alright for a little while, as long as he could watch Thanatos' face, the fringe of his white lashes, the slope of his nose and the fullness of his lips. If his hand were free, he'd trace the shape of them, a shape he'd know blind from how often he pressed Thanatos' mouth to his own.

He could see Thanatos' eyes move below his lids before he saw them open. "I can't sleep with you looking at me like that," he said.

"Your eyes were closed, how would you even know?"

"I can feel it," Thanatos said, stroking his wrist again, and Zagreus realized Than was referring to the uptick in the speed of his pulse as he'd been replaying every kiss they'd ever had in his head.

Gods, if Thanatos was that sensitive, Zagreus didn't know how they'd ever end up sleeping. "Maybe I should face away from you, then," he said, rolling onto his side, drawing one of Than's arms over his waist to indicate how Than should hold him.

"Alright," Thanatos agreed, reaching up to brush some of the unrulier spikes of Zag's hair out of the way so they weren't sticking into his face.

Their legs tangled below the bedcovers, Than's toes a point of coldness against the arch of Zagreus' foot. A chill went through him and he squirmed away, drawing his legs up. "Your feet are freezing, Than," he complained, his heels now digging into Than's shins.

"Your feet," Thanatos reminded him, "are *literally on fire*."

"It doesn't hurt you, though," Zagreus said, well aware that Thanatos often liked that particularly curious bit of his anatomy.

"No. But it does make everything beneath these blankets here absolutely sweltering. You're like a furnace."

Zagreus tugged the blankets down a bit, exposing them from the waist up to the still, relatively cool air of his bedchamber. "Better?"

"I suppose."

Zagreus stretched and re-settled, fumbling with the covers because he couldn't figure out what to do with his hands. Thanatos being pressed against his back was nice, he supposed, except it also made him toy with the idea of turning this into sex (that must be what happened to mortals sometimes, right?). He took Than's hand again, stroking over his knuckles, looking for the shine of Than's black fingernails against the white of the bedsheets.

He couldn't quite tell, but it felt like they'd only been settled for seconds when Thanatos said, "I liked the other way better. Your hair keeps getting in my nose somehow."

He would've suggested switching position so that he was spooned up behind Thanatos, but that *definitely* would turn into sex, so he agreed to let Thanatos roll onto his back again, this time with his arm stretched out around Zagreus' shoulders, letting Zag rest his head on Than's chest.

Oh.

That was nicer.

He felt Thanatos sigh again, but this time it was with pleasure, his fingers tracing over Zag's bicep and down his arm to press his palm over the back of Zag's hand on Than's chest. "Yes, much better," Than proclaimed it, and honestly, Zag was inclined to agree.

They settled for a moment, but after being still for so long, the familiar restlessness that always plagued Zagreus kicked up in his chest, and he tapped his thumb against Than's chest in what wasn't quite a rhythm.

"Zagreus."

"Sorry." He turned his head, smushing his cheek against Than's chest, "I can't sleep."

"Just... I don't know. How do mortals fall asleep? Counting backwards?"

"You were born directly next to sleep, you should probably know," Zagreus remarked.

Thanatos scoffed. "That doesn't mean I know anything about how his mind works. This *is* Hypnos we're talking about. Maybe he could send you to sleep."

"Probably. You want to get up and ask?"

"No." Thanatos ran his fingers through Zag's hair, fingernails scratching at the back of his neck, which sent a pleasant buzz down Zag's spine. "I'm comfortable, I don't want to move."

"Oh. That's good, at least."

"Just... hm. Close your eyes, keeping them open won't help any."

"Okay." With his eyes closed, he could focus on the tone of Than's voice, barely above a whisper, soft at the edges, laced with affection. It made the back of Zag's neck tingle the way Than's fingers running through his hair had.

"I honestly can't remember you ever sleeping," he said. "I know I used to sleep next to Hypnos when we were children, but you were never there. Hypnos always used to spread out on the bed, taking up the whole thing, and he'd be asleep within seconds. He didn't snore so loud back then, either."

Zagreus hummed, feeling the coiled spring of tension he always held starting to slowly unwind.

"I know you must have, at some point. I think it would be particularly strange to have a young child who never fell asleep, and we never would have heard the end of it from Nyx. I know you don't like to let yourself rest, Zagreus—I fall victim to the same method of overworking myself." Thanatos paused for a moment, and Zagreus swore he'd heard him yawn. When he spoke again, his voice sounded far away, a little blurrier.

"It's nice, being able to slow down with you sometimes. Even if we're not asleep... hm. Guess I won't have to worry about that for much longer, will I, Zag?"

Yeah, he probably wouldn't.

— — —

The room was still dark when he woke beside Thanatos. The scene Achilles had described of waking beside his lover with sunlight streaming in and painting everything golden was never something they'd experience down here. Thanatos looked lovely in the maybe-morning lack-of-light anyway, his usually pin-straight hair tousled and his face relaxed, lips just slightly parted. Like a dream.

Not quite like the particular dream Zag still half-felt like he could slip right back into, of Thanatos pressed close to him in this bed, kissing him at length and fucking him deep and slow. Zagreus was clutching at his back just to hold him close and moaning so loud he could practically hear it—

Oh. He had made some sort of noise in the waking world, too, hadn't he.

It didn't take him long to realize he was in a state quite like he'd been in his dreams, fully hard despite not being touched aside from the arm Thanatos had around his shoulders and the length of Than's body against his.

Had it honestly just been the dream...?

Thanatos shifted against him, his hip rubbing against Zag's cock and pushing another breathy sound out of Zag's throat, this one loud enough that it had Thanatos turning his head, slowly coming awake.

Than blinked sleepily at him, a bit perplexed as he woke, hands feeling over Zag's shoulders and his cheeks. Then, as if suddenly realizing where he was, he smiled, lazy and relaxed, and gods, it was the most beautiful thing Zagreus had ever seen. Alright, maybe he understood the appeal of sharing a bed with one's beloved, now.

"Good morning," he said, his own voice sounding thick and slow, his tongue clumsy behind his teeth.

"Is it morning?"

"I dunno. I guess so."

Thanatos stretched, and the movement of him against Zagreus made his breath hitch. His hand clutched at Than's side and Zagreus rocked forward, grinding against Than's hip, moving entirely on instinct and only realizing once Than's eyes went wide that maybe he should've asked before doing that.

"I, uh. Take it you woke up before me," Thanatos said, the gold of his flush suffusing his cheeks and spreading more quickly than usual, all the way down his throat and chest.

"Only by about a minute," Zagreus explained, "I woke up and I was already, um. Like this. I was dreaming. About you."

One of Than's pale brows arched, as he looked down between them, despite the fact that he couldn't see anything beyond where the blankets were pulled up over their hips. "And what, if I may ask, was I doing in this dream of yours?"

Zagreus pushed his face into the crook of Than's shoulder, not quite able to look him in the eye when he admitted, "fucking me."

"Was I?" Despite not being able to see his face, Zagreus could hear the warmth in Than's voice—coupled with the way his hands dipped below the edge of the blankets to cup Zag's hips and pull him closer, it became clear that Thanatos didn't mind this.

"I suppose, since I fell asleep beside you, you were on my mind, and I just..." Zagreus cleared his throat, pulling away from his hiding place but not quite looking in Than's eyes, "Achilles didn't mention this as a possibility."

In the night, Thanatos had absorbed some of Zagreus' body heat, and the embrace he pulled Zagreus into was almost stiflingly warm. He pressed Zagreus into the sheets with a hand on his shoulder, kissing him slow, licking into his mouth as if Zagreus' lips and tongue tasted of the finest ambrosia.

Zagreus, having fully shaken off his half-asleep state, responded eagerly, cupping Than's face and hitching up one leg to cling to Than's hip. He didn't have much space to grind against him, especially not with Thanatos' body weight pinning him down, but the pressure was nice, too, a slow burn instead of an instant immolation.

Thanatos tried to pull away, but Zagreus wasn't having it, kissing Than like he'd been in his dream, breathless and wanting. He didn't back off until Thanatos bit his lower lip, the sting of pain making Zagreus gasp into his mouth. Thanatos observed him, his eyes on Zagreus with the kind of focus he usually turned on a battlefield.

"Well. I suppose this is a nice enough thing to wake up to," Than said, licking over the spot he'd bitten to soothe the tiny hurt.

"Mm. Agreed, now come here."

"Shall we reenact what you were dreaming of?" Thanatos asked, as Zagreus twisted away from him, searching for the little glass bottle that was still under his pillow, oops, Than could complain at him for not putting his things away later.

Zagreus shook his head and edged back until Than's chest pressed to his back, tipping his head back to kiss Than's jaw. "That'll take too long," he said, "I need you *now*."

"Of course you're impatient even first thing after waking," Thanatos said, a laugh rumbling through his chest. "That's fine. What would you have me do to you, Zag?" His fingers teased over Zagreus' hip, down his thigh, skirting close to his cock but purposefully avoiding, even when Zagreus shifted to try and press against Thanatos' hand.

"Fuck my thighs?" He posed it as a question, but considering the way Thanatos went from gently tracing his fingertips over Zag's hipbone to clutching tight to him, he didn't need to wait on an answer.

"You're a menace," Thanatos said, the bite of his words softened by his fingertips unstoppering the bottle, clearly not about to deny Zagreus anything. His hand was slick as he placed it back on Zag's waist, his cock similarly oiled as he pushed into the space between Zag's thighs, brushing a soft kiss and a softer noise of pleasure over Zag's neck.

"Good?"

"Mm." His next thrust was harder, pressing himself fully against Zagreus' backside, urged on by Zagreus' hand reaching around to grasp his thigh and pull him closer. There wasn't much leverage he could get in this position, so his motions were slow, gentler than usual, the greedy sort of passion they normally worked themselves into stifled by the vestiges of sleepiness that still clung to Thanatos.

Zagreus, though, was needy, fueled by nocturnal visions that had him frenzied and arching into every thrust, almost wishing he'd had the patience to actually get Thanatos inside him. Than's fingertips, trailing oil, traced up the line of his sternum, palming at his chest and toying with his nipples, which was all well and good, but...

He wanted more. *Needed* more.

He let go of Thanatos' thigh to grasp his wrist instead, tugging his hand down where he wanted it.

"Eager?" Thanatos asked, finally touching his cock but keeping his grip loose, his thumb just barely teasing at the head.

"Yes. For you, always." Zagreus thrust forward into his grasp, the motion causing Than's cock to slip from between his legs, which in turn made Than grumble and nip at the side of his neck—not exactly an admonishment when it felt that good.

"Zagreus," he chided, "keep still. You can do that for me, can't you?"

"I'll try," he said, honestly. Zagreus had never had the highest degree of self-control, particularly when Than was involved.

Thanatos' hand left him entirely, and Zagreus squirmed, missing the contact. "I'm sure you can do better than *try*, can't you, Zag?" His voice was syrupy, a smile hidden between the words, and Zagreus got a pretty good idea of where this was going, now.

"Yes, love. I will," he said, settling mostly still, except for the hand that clumsily reached behind him to pet Than's hair.

"Good boy," Thanatos said, which sent the usual shudder through him. As he pushed between Zagreus' thighs again, Zagreus made a breathy noise and clutched at the pillow, trying his best to keep still but wanting, desperately, to move.

He was rewarded with Than's hand around his cock, stroking him far too slowly, but any touch was enough to send him shuddering, now. The reality of the slow, almost lazy fuck mellowed the frenetic pace of his dreams, and Zagreus melted into it, relaxing and allowing Thanatos to use him as he pleased. He ran his fingers down Than's arm to the hand that was wrapped around his cock, stroking the ridges of his knuckles as Than moved, the flex of his fingers as he squeezed Zagreus just the slightest bit tighter.

Having already been quite worked up, Zagreus wasn't surprised when he was the first over the edge, clutching Than's wrist and breaking his promise not to move. This time, Thanatos did not scold him for it, letting Zagreus fuck his hand to completion, kissing his cheek and whispering something sweet and unintelligible as Zagreus' voice cracked around a cry of Than's name.

He almost felt as though he could drift back off even as Thanatos held him still to fuck him faster, harder, working explicitly to get himself off at this point. Zagreus reached down between his legs to brush his thumb over the head of Than's cock as it slid between his thighs, and it made Thanatos cry out, so he did it again.

"You like that?"

"Yes, I—" Than cut himself off halfway through his response when Zagreus, purposefully and with more than a little impishness, flexed his thighs just as Than began speaking. The rest turned into a moan loud enough that Zagreus made his usual mental apologies to whoever was standing in the vicinity of his bedroom door.

"*Zagreus*," Thanatos said, like it was a prayer, as he spilled between Zag's thighs, a rush of warmth that was accompanied by a similar rising heat in Zag's chest as Thanatos immediately shifted to kiss him, desperate and hard, like an outpouring of passion had accompanied his orgasm and he needed to express that *right now*.

Zagreus laughed against Than's mouth and got a chuckle in response, Thanatos holding his chin as he leaned in for another kiss. "Good morning, love," Zag said, running his hand up the back of Thanatos' neck and enjoying the way his hair was still rumpled.

He seriously doubted anybody else ever saw Death Incarnate with *bed-head*.

"Good morning. Afternoon. Whenever it is." Than tilted his chin up to kiss the bridge of Zag's nose.

The afterglow was particularly lovely today, but given the length of the build-up, Zagreus wagered it wouldn't last for long. "You probably have to go, don't you?" he asked, and Thanatos groaned.

"Never in my eons of existence would I have thought something would make me want to *sleep in*," Than said, brushing Zagreus' hair off his forehead. "You're something extraordinary, Zag." He sat up and stretched, and Zagreus greatly enjoyed the view, wondering what exactly it would take to convince Thanatos to actually enact the goings-on of Zagreus' dream in round two.

"Than—"

"No. I know that look, you're about to try to convince me to stay," Thanatos said, tugging the covers back and getting out of bed, heading for the couch, where he'd left his clothes piled up the night before.

"However did you know?" Zagreus said, rolling to face him, kicking the blankets all the way off so that he was completely bare for Thanatos to see. "Yes, that was the goal."

"Quit trying to seduce me," Thanatos said, picking up Zagreus' clothes instead of his own and tossing them at his head. Zagreus caught them out of midair and set them aside, wiping himself off with the sheets before standing and making a solid attempt to distract Thanatos halfway through dressing.

It worked for a moment, but only just. Thanatos kissed him, but didn't allow it to deepen, snatched up Zagreus' hands as they drifted toward his ass.

"I mean it, Zag."

"I'll just come seduce you in Elysium or wherever you may show up to help me out today," Zagreus decided, patting Than on the cheek. "I'll see you later."

Thanatos weathered it, and allowed Zagreus to help dress him, securing his pauldron and his cloak and all the little bits—when Zagreus pulled the hood

up, he almost couldn't tell that Thanatos had spent the night in the bed of his lover instead of attending to his usual duties.

"Think I could convince you to sleep over again sometime?" Zagreus asked, tracing over the unyielding metal of Thanatos' gorget and remembering the softness of the skin beneath.

"I don't think that would be difficult," Thanatos said, bestowing yet another kiss on Zagreus' mouth. "It was... quite enjoyable."

"Hey, maybe you'll be the one afflicted with erotic dreams next time," Zagreus teased.

Thanatos rolled his eyes, but he smiled, too. "We'll see," he said, and vanished in a flash of green.

Author's Note:

Zagreus, twenty minutes later: "ACHILLES HOLY FUCK. YOU DIDN'T TELL ME DREAMS WERE *SEXY*."

Join me for my Hades yelling on twitter @Luddlestons